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A
PINDARICK
ON THE
DEATH
OF OUR LATE
SOVEREIGN:
WITH
An Ancient Prophecy
ON HIS
PRESENT MAJESTY.

Written by A. BEHN.

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STANZA I.

2
 To route me from my painful sleep.
 Distracted Objects all! with mighty Grief, pierc'd
 Round which the Mortal statues wring their hands and weep;
 My Bed like some sad Monument appear'd,
 And saw a Dire Confusion round about.
 From Ominous Dreams my wondering Soul look out;
 And heavily the God of Day came on:
 AD was the Morn', the saddest Week began,

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Our Sovereign lives ! it cry'd ! rise and Adore !
 Our Sovereign lives ! Heaven adds one Wonder more,
 To the Miraculous History of his Numerous Store :
 Sudden as thought, or winged Light'ning flies,
 This chased the Gloomy Terror from our Eyes,
 And all from Sorrows, fall to Sacrifice.
 Whole Haceroms of Vows the Alars Crown,
 To clear our Sin that brought this Vengeance down ;
 So the Great Saviour of the World did fall,
 A Bleeding Victim to atone for all !
 Nor were the Blest Apostles more reviv'd,
 When in the Resurrection they beheld
 Their Faith Establish'd, and their Lord surviv'd,
 And all the Holy Prophets fulfill'd.
 Their Mighty Love, by Mighty Joy they shov'd !
 And if from feebler Faith before,
 They did the Deity, and Man Adore :
 What must they say, when He confirm'd the God,
 Who having finish'd all His wonders here,
 And full Instructions given,
 To make his bright Divinity more clear ;
 Transfigur'd all to Glory, Mounts to Heaven !

IV.

So tell our Earthy God ! to Lov'd, to Mount'd,
 So like a God again return'd.
 For of His Message, yet a part was unperform'd,
 But oh ! our Prayers and Vows were made too late,
 The sacred Dictates were already past ;
 And open laid the Mighty Book of Fate,
 Where the Great MONARCH read his list of late ;
 And for Eternity prepar'd in haste.
 He saw in th' everlasting Chains
 Of long past Time and Numerous Things,
 The Faces, Vicissitudes, and pains,
 Of Mighty Monarchs, and Mighty Kings,

Not the sad Bards that wail'd Jerusalem's woes,
 (With wild neglect throng'd the peop'l's street,
 With a Prophetic rage affrighting all they meet)
 Had mightier Pangs of sorrow, mightier throes;
 Ah! wretch, undone they cry! awake forlorn,
 The King! the King is Dead! rise! rise and Mourn!

II.

Again I bid 'em tell their sorrow'd Themes,
 Again they cry, The King! the King is Dead!
 Extended, Cold and Pale upon the Royal Bed;
 Again I heard, and yet I thought it Dream.
 Impossible! (I raving cry)
 That such a Monarch! such a God should dye!
 And no Dire Warning to the World be given;
 No Horrors on Earth! no blazing Fires in Heaven!
 The Sun and Tyde their constant Course keep;
 That cheers the World with its Life-giving Reign,
 The harts with equal Motion to the Deep;
 And in its usual turns revives the Banks again,
 And in its sole and safe way,
 Brings up no Storms or Monsters from the Sea,
 No Show'rs of Blood, no Temples Pale is rent,
 But all is calm, and all is innocent.
 When Nature in Convulsions should be hurl'd,
 And Fate should shake the Fabrick of the World;
 Impossible! Impossible I cry!
 So Great a King! so much a God! so silently should dye!

III.

True I Divin'd! when loe a Voice arriv'd,
 Welcome as that which did the Crowd surprise,
 When the Dead Lazarus from the Tomb reviv'd
 And saw a Pitying God attend his life!

VI.

Which shall a Nobler Britain know,
And Influence his best lov'd Friends below.

But oh!

No Humane thought can paine the Grief and Love,

Which the Parting Hero's Groove.

Sad was the Scene, soft look the Voice supplies,

Anguish their Hearts, and Languishment their Eyes;

Not God-like Jonathan with greater pain,

Sigh'd his last Farewell to the Royal Train;

While awful Silence fill'd the Gloomy place,

And Death and Midnight hung on every Face.

And now the fatal Hour came on,

And all the Blessed Powers above,

In haste to make him A.L. their own,

Around the Royal Bed in shining order move.

Once more he longs to see the Parting Day,

The last his Mortal Eyes that eye behold;

And oft he ask'd if no Kind Ray,

Is near approach foretold.

And when he found 'twas Dawning in

(With the Cold Tide of Death) that hour'd all o're

Dram, draw, said he, this Cloud that hangs between;

What let me take my last adieu;

Oh let me take my last—last view,

For I shall never, never see it more.

And Now —

Officious Angels catch his dying Sighs,

And bear 'em up in Triumph to the Skys,

Each forms a Seat! of the Divine's deities!

For New-born Kings and Heroes to possess.

The last, that from the Sacred Fabrick stem,

Made CHARLES a God! and JAMES a Monarch too!

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JOSEPH, by Heaven and Nature pointed out to lead the way,
 And to good JOSEPH, now resigns his way,
 And lest 'em lose, cutting the promis'd Land;
 Pull'd down the Golden Cal to which they bow'd;
 Beneath the Peaceful Rule of his Almighty Wand;
 Like Moses, he had led the Mourn'ing Crowd,
 Where Zealous Mischiefs, Frights, Rebellions, Reign:
 And bless his Stars that in an Age to Vain,

V

Whilst every Beam above informs a Star,
 Those Sacred Lights are fading here,
 (Lending their Glories to another Sphere)
 Like setting Suns that hasten on the Night;
 His Eyes so much Ador'd! whose lasting light
 And left his speaking Eyes to bless and tell the rest,
 Flew upwards to compose a heavenly Song,
 But that the Charming Accents of his Tongue
 Much more he spoke! much more he had Express'd,
 With sighs attended, and continuing Tears.
 The Royal SONGS to all the hearts
 Their spreading Branches round shed a descriptive shade.
 To Grace the spacious Plains, and bow
 The Noble Steers may shoot and grow
 Regard said he, regard my tender Stock;
 And the the Spelling Cedar Fale,
 Take to Thy Pious Care, my Faithful Flock.
 His bright Nations, and his Mourn'ing Friends,
 Thy Parting King and Brother recommends
 Dear Partner of my sad and softest Hours,
 To Thee, kind Kid in all my Fears and Pours,
 And weep with tender Joy, and Bless and said:
 On whom His Hands the Spring MONARCH laid,
 The Royal PROPHET now before him stood:
 Full of the Wisdom and the Power of God,

KING JAMES II.
To His Sacred Majesty

And for Your Glorious Majesty the Rained Globe want room
Till Your Conquering Rays, Your Foes o're come,
As from the Morning to the Evening Star;
Long may You shine, and spread Your Beams as far
Oh may Your Light with Your Life renew!
To make us Bless'd, and make us ever new;
And this last Miracle perform,
Shall make the great Prediction true,
'Tis YOU, oh Sacred Sir, for Empire Born,
And bless the Land with Plenty, Peace, and Love.
And Whither Britains happy Genius flows,
Should make proud Britain's glorious name
Of that Divine and glorious Influence,
Or England there should again a Star
(As all this Lucky Years Account)
To such a Number should amount
Told, when the British Figures of the Year
Whom wondrous Prophets Ages since
Behold the Sacred Promis'd Prince,
And hear how Heav'n confirms Your Happiness:
Come listen all, whom needless fears possess,
You only were believ'd, and he for Sacred Government

Then let the Obdurate (convinc'd) agree;
Your Conscience, and Your Banishment,
In Patience, Suffering, and Humility,
How far great Souls the vulgar can exceed
When the Ingates shall Blushing read
You paid the lavish Ransom of Your Blood
And how when Danger call'd, for Britain good,
How Spain Records Your Glorious Name;
And bear before You the fierce Tide of War.
Alone the raging Torrent You wou'd stem,
Your Perils dar'd not share,
When yet the Elder Generals (not in Famine) which
Your Battles fought, Your Gilded Lawrels won
Your strange Escapes, and Danger shall be told,
Your Glorious Deeds in Arms, when yet but Young;
When Time Your wondrous Story shall unfold,
Preserv'd for *Narrative* Rule;
All Hail Great Prince! whom ev'ry Miracle